MR. SUN

Volume 1, Number 2

THE MALE NUDE IN SCULPTURE

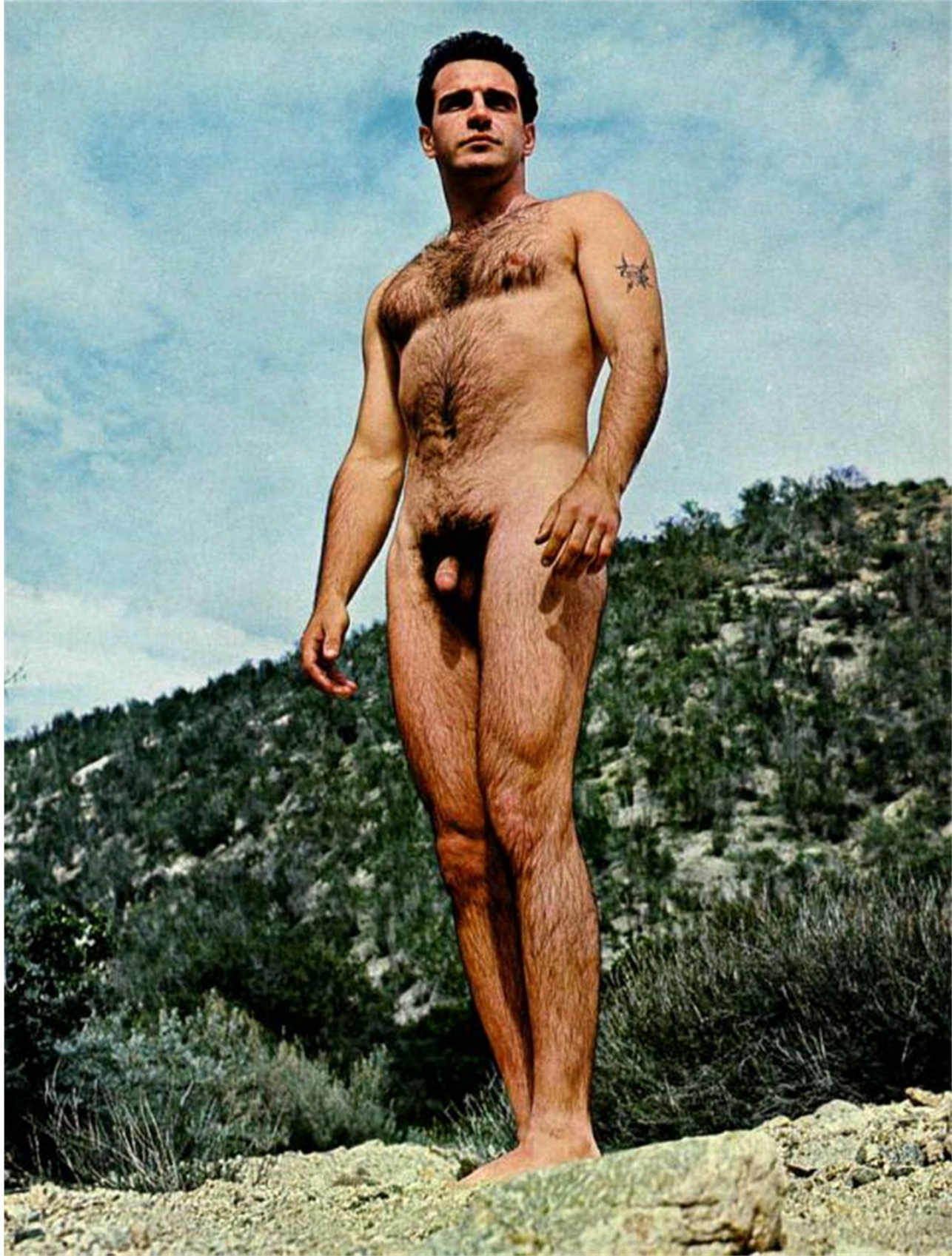
WHY I BECAME A NUDIST

THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF NUDISM

THOREAU... HIGH PRIEST OF NATURE

"Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the God he worships, after a style purely his own . . . We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones." — Henry David Thoreau, **Walden,** 1854.

This celebrated New England naturalist-philosopher, who found fulfillment by living alone in the wild forest, was one of the first great Americans to break the bonds of convention and extol the glories of man's untrammeled body in its natural setting.



MASTERFUL REPRODUCTIONS

the unique work of HARRY BUSH

These Beautiful MATTE finish reproductions maintain all the sparkle of the original artwork.

A. PUPPY LOVE

B. MUSIC SOOTHES THE SAVAGE BREAST

C. KEEPER OF THE PEACE

D. YOUNG MR. MUFFITT

E. A TASTE OF HONEY

PRICES: $3.00 each/TWO for $5.00

SPECIAL: ALL FIVE FOR TEN DOLLARS

WYNGATE & BEVINS
1350 No. HIGHLAND AVE.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

Enclosed $_____ Cash____ Check____ Money Order____ — No C.O.D.'s

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

A. ☐ B. ☐ C. ☐ D. ☐ E. ☐ PLEASE MARK IN BOXES AT LEFT HOW MANY OF EACH YOU DESIRE.

MR. SUN

Contents

MR. SUN. Volume 1, Number 2

editorial 7

THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF NUDISM 8

THOREAU...THE THINKING MAN'S NUDIST 18

WHY I BECAME A NUDIST 21

THE MALE NUDE IN SCULPTURE 34

Editor ..... Joe Keith
Associate Editor ..... Byron Marlowe
Art Director ..... David Richards

MR. SUN is published by Wyngate & Bevins, 1350 No. HIGHLAND AVE. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028 Copyright 1966 by Wyngate & Bevins; all rights reserved on entire contents. Nothing may be reprinted, in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material; all manuscripts, photos and artwork must be accompanied by return postage and wrapping. Opinions expressed by literary contributors are not necessarily those of the editors, nor of any nudist organizations which cooperate in the production of this magazine. December 1966.

editorial

The response to the first issue of MR. SUN was gratifying to say the least. In fact, although we knew we were fulfilling a definite need in today's nudist publication market, we had no idea that MR. SUN would prove to be so instantly popular. Sometimes the public is slow to accept change, innovations are regarded as upsetting to the status quo. We are glad to know that MR. SUN met with instant approval from you, our readers. We think also that we may have begun a trend in nudist publishing.

Here then, is the second issue of MR. SUN. We hope it is the second in a long line of issues dedicated to the healthy aspects of nudism, with focus on the usually forgotten male nudist. As before, it is slanted toward the male nudist, although we welcome the readership of the laymen. By laymen, we most naturally think of the man who has wondered about nudism and hasn't taken that first step. We have the feeling that there are scores of potential nudists who are grateful for a magazine like MR. SUN.

Today, more and more men and women are discovering the joys of nudism. This is evidenced by the rise in the membership of the parent organization, The American Sunbathing Association, as well as the many offshoots of organized nudism that have become organized in the past few years. MR. SUN recognizes any sincere organization that is dedicated to the principles of nudism. There is little difference, as far as we can see, in these other organizations that have split with the ASA. In fact, we think this is healthy for nudism. Certainly, there doesn't have to be one movement. People are still individuals and should have the right to pick and choose.

MR. SUN doesn't intend to pick beefs with nudist organizations **per se.** We do hold that the discrimination practice against male singles should be looked at with a new eye by those individual park members who feel this is upsetting to the balance at camp. The male nudist, as we have pointed out in the first issue, is an asset, not a liability to the nudist park. It is he who is the organizer, the worker, the cooperator. We also feel that there should be more emphasis on physical development in nudism.

After all, it was physical and mental health that caused nudism to grow and flourish in this country. We see too many flabby bodies at camp. The superb physical specimens have been kept out of the park. We hope this isn't jealously on the part of the camp owners and managers. There are, as MR. SUN is showing, plenty of good male specimens who are every bit as devoted to nudism as the beefy character who wants to get a little sun all over his body, but not do much else for nudism.

As we said before, nudism belongs to everyone. MR. SUN is presenting another aspect to the nudist idea. Our young men have every right to participate in organized nudism the same as the married couple or the single girl. We'd like to hear from others who agree or disagree. Especially, we'd like to hear from those park managers who disagree with us, giving us the reasons why. In the meantime, we will continue to present the finest in pictorials and articles, dedicated to that man about nudism, MR. SUNBATHER himself!

MR. SUN

THE PHYSICAL SIDE OF NUDISM

By Ronald Martin

In the early days of nudism, before it came to this country, the stress was on physical development, almost exclusively. When the movement reached our shores, it was still in this stage, but the movement spread in spite of this aspect. It was found that a lot of people just enjoyed the fresh air and didn't want to get involved in a lot of calisthenics and weight-lifting. Also, a lot of Americans didn't have the heritage of physical fitness as did their European brethren and new nudists came in all assorted sizes and shapes. Some were fat, some thin, some no matter how much they indulged in body building would never attain physical beauty. Where did this leave nudism, then?

Well, for one thing, we made up for our disinterest in physical fitness programs by making sure our parks were set up for recreational purposes. Volleyball became the big exercise thing and still is today. Volleyball served another purpose too, when nudism was in its infancy in this country and even now. It was a great icebreaker for the cottontail, the first-time nudist. A bunch of grown up people standing around a clubhouse nude is a more imposing barrier than that same group unselfconsciously tearing up the peapatch on the volleyball court.

Of course there was swimming too, and badminton some places. But volleyball remains the standby. In Western resorts and in the southern ones, the older folks tend toward the milder shuffleboard. Where has this left our nudists as examples of physical specimens? I'll tell you where — almost nowhere! Our young men are paunchy, our women getting flabby. They have tans, but in such physical shape as they're in, this only makes them look older than they are.

We've lost much of what nudism gave to us from the old country. But, perhaps, the cycle is returning. A glance at recent samplings of photographs from nudist parks around the country show some startling changes. Among the generation just preceding the present ones, we see the poor physical specimens (this is not to discredit the people themselves!) and scattered here and there some people who have good trim builds, handsome young men and women. On the volleyball courts there are some genuine athletes and caught in midleap their muscles appear firm and well-developed.

To get to the young men. These were not necessarily weight-lifters. They had done this, too, some of them. But, when I interviewed some of the people I most admired, who reminded me of the founders of nudism in this country, I got some startling answers. They might prove valuable to the new nudist who wonders if nudism is all sunbathing and volleyball with little stress on keeping the tummy flat,

the legs strong, the arms powerful, sinuous.

The physical aspect of nudism is returning, perhaps slowly at first, but increasingly fast. From time to time, we've had our Mr. Universes and our Charles Atlases, but these were rarities. Now, at some of the parks, I notice young men who could hold their own on muscle beach. There are some who swim like Johnny Weismuller and dive like the late Alan Ladd. They aren't musclebound as their feats on the volleyball courts prove.

I found from interviews at several places that young men and women in the 20 to 30 year age group had been physically conscious for some time. The methods of attaining muscular coordination and healthy bodies were different in each case however. By far the most prevalent form of exercise for the majority in recent years was the simple Isometric plan. Isometric exercises, it must be noted, are harmful if used wrongly. I know of healthy men who have seriously strained their backs by doing the exercises wrong.

Simply put, isometrics is a form of body building somewhat similar to Charles Atlas' "dynamic tension." Both methods rely on the principle of cause and effect and pit one muscle against the other. A simple form of this exercise is to grasp each hand by the fingers of the other and pull in opposite directions. By doing this, you can feel the muscles of the wrist, forearm, bicep and shoulder react to the "dynamic tension" of the other. In isometrics, simple objects are used, just as a doorway or a bar between two sides of a doorway and the exercises built around these areas of stability. The body creates designs within these that remind one of bridge architecture, polyhedrons and the like.

Isometrics then, did much to interest busy people in physical development again. The exercises are simple, the cost very low. The majority of young nudists I talked to had at least experimented with isometrics and many of them had gained positive results from these principles. But not all had relied on this "new" method. Some, and not a few either, used Yoga as a principle to develop their bodies. Yoga, too, is simple, but there are years of knowledge behind its body-building principles.

In Yoga, the body is controlled by the mind, the mind influenced by the positions of the body. There is a basic position called the "lotus posture" and the "fish posture" is another such basic position. There are several and this is not meant to be an outline of exercises. Dynamic tension comes into play with Yoga, too, though, as anyone who uses it will tell you. Primarily, Yoga as used by the majority, tends to develop good circulation, excellent muscle toning, and in its more advanced stages, even trim off excess fat.

I know practitioners of Yoga who do no more than stand on their heads in the corner, with a pillow for comfort, for a period of five minutes each evening. But even this simple exercise restores healthy blood circulation and brings youthfulness and vigor to the countenance. I know others who suffer from occasional asthma attacks who use the "lion posture", leaning forward from a kneeling position and sticking the tongue out, tapping the chest vigorously with the middle finger to relieve symptoms. Actually this position I just described does several things. It strenghthens the neck muscles, loosens the facial muscles, relaxes the body and opens up some of the small sacs in the lungs where old dead air is trapped.

Yet the people I've met who used some form of Yoga are healthy specimens and their bodies are in tone with their mental outlook. I'm surprised that nudism itself hasn't adopted some form of Yoga as a basic exercise. Certainly a great many nudists practice it.

From these two examples, the one a so-called fad, the other on the esoteric side, I discovered exercises that belonged in neither category as practiced by nudists on the physically apt lateral. From a few who used dumbbells and weights to build seldom used muscles, the list went to those who practiced calisthenics, nothing else.

Here again, each individual had his favorites. There was a young woman who used a basic one for

MALE NUDISTS FILMS & BOOKS

8MM BLACK & WHITE 200 FT. ROLLS 1, 2, 3, AND 4

Lance and Sydney in . . .
"THE MALE NUDIST KEEPS FIT"

NEVER BEFORE have the unmitigated joys and pleasures of keeping fit under a blazing sun in nature's great outdoors been offered.

AT LAST you too can vicariously enjoy the feeling of freedom that comes only with exercising without the restraint or confinement of clothing or artifacts . . . truly deriving the fullest measure of nature's greatest gift . . . sunshine!

WATCH Lance and Sidney as the muscles of their bodies harden and strengthen in the clean open spaces as nature intended.

SEE how Lance, who has let himself get a little soft, strives to put his body in the same magnificent condition as that of Sidney.

PART 1 $20 PARTS 1 AND 2 $35
ALL FOUR PARTS (800 FEET) $60

56 PICTURES
SPIRAL BOUND BOOK
NINE MALE NUDISTS

The Nine Male Nudists is published with the intention of showing the joys of nudism . . . the feeling of freedom that comes only with being in the great outdoors with no confining or constricting clothing. Once you have experienced this glorious sensation the chances are you, too, will become a confirmed nudist.

This book is divided into two parts . . . the first part being posed photographs depicting the natural grace, beauty, and dignity of the male nudist.

The second part consists of candid shots showing the nine male nudists relaxing, playing, exercising, and just generally radiating the good health and spirit that comes only with this particular form of freedom.

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO THE MALE NUDIST . . . NEOPHYTE AS WELL AS VETERAN.

PRICE $10.00

NINE MALE NUDISTS
ON FILM

While on location putting this book together we also shot some B & W movie film.

This film is extremely casual . . .
Showing the
NINE MALE NUDISTS
posing for stills . . .
playing ball . . .
swimming . . .
relaxing . . . etc.

200 FT. BLACK & WHITE 8 MM
$20.00

56 PICTURES SPIRAL BOUND BOOK $10 • 200 FT. 8MM BLACK & WHITE FILM $20 • BOOK AND FILM $25

WYNGATE & BEVINS
1350 N. Highland
Hollywood, California 90028

Enclosed $_____ Cash___ Check___ Money Order___ — No C.O.D.'s

FULL PAYMENT FOR FOLLOWING ITEMS . . .

ADULTS ONLY

LANCE & SIDNEY — Part 1 ☐; Parts 1 & 2 ☐; All 4 Parts ☐ $_____
NINE MALE NUDISTS — Book ☐; Nine Male Nudists Film ☐ $_____
Nine Male Nudists Book and Film ☐ $_____
BIG BONUS OFFER — All five films and book $75 ☐ $_____
TOTAL $_____

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

firming her stomach and trimming her legs. She lay flat on the floor or concrete, legs and arms straight. Then on four counts, she raises her legs together to a height of 6 inches. Then on another four counts, she holds them tightly together in this position. On the next four, she spreads her legs wide, holds for four, then back together, holds another four, then down. This is a rigorous exercise, but one used by football players to toughen their stomachs. It works!

The men used the push-up most often, and chin-ups. But the exercise mentioned above was one. Ditto, the knee-bends, and running in place. All of these exercises are excellent and if used conscientiously over a period of time, will result in better health, better physical fitness.

What happened to the generations in between? Those that got flabby, and soft? Those that let their bodies degenerate beyond the help of the Charles Atlases, the Vic Tanneys, the Jack LaLannes? They just didn't exercise when they were young or didn't keep it up, that's what happened. And some of it might be laid to blame on nudism itself. For we didn't stress the physical aspects of nudism enough. We cried "sun, light and air" until we were hoarse and neglected our bodies. We were afraid that the public would think we were a bunch of health nuts, muscle men and so forth. Well, that's all past now. It's time to start thinking of the body again.

To set an example we must be an example. The park managers might add more gymnastic equipment (some already have, bravo!) and hold more contests, as in the past, spotlighting the best physical specimens at camp. As a start, I would recommend a sampling of some of the above philosophies of body culture. There are good things in each of them, and by combining them, each person can choose his own form of exercise. After all, we don't all have the same areas of the body that are in need of rejuvenating. Each person has his own specific problem, one a belly, the other a more delicate portion of his anatomy. The park owners might include calisthenics in their park programs as well. People work better on such things in groups. You won't often see an individual practicing Yoga at camp. But you might, if it were part of the regular program.

This is a simple remedy and one that should be brought up at every nudist conclave from the Pacific to the Atlantic until something on this order is accomplished. We want to be proud of our nudism and our nudists, and this is one more way to assure that we have something to show for sticking to our ideals. Let's bring back the physical aspect to nudism, now, and see that we stick to it. We'll all feel better in the long run!

THOREAU...HIGH PRIEST OF NATURE

"Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the God he worships, after a style purely his own . . . We are all sculptors and painters, and our material is our own flesh and blood and bones." — Henry David Thoreau, **Walden,** 1854.

This celebrated New England naturalist-philosopher, who found fulfillment by living alone in the wild forest, was one of the first great Americans to break the bonds of convention and extol the glories of man's untrammeled body in its natural setting.

THOREAU... THE THINKING MAN'S NUDIST

By Mischa Murphy

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was not exactly a **formal** nudist — that is, he didn't make any special ritual of going naked, nor did he belong to any nudist group — for the simple reason that there were no such groups in the U.S. in his time, more than a century ago. However, Thoreau, a remarkably dynamic young man of mixed French and Indian ancestry, a man whose first and only love was nature in the raw, **lived** the life of a dedicated nudist, and enunciated the principles of unfettered naturism in his classic **Journals** and in his monumental prose epic, **Walden.**

Thoreau in his comparatively brief life of forty-five years didn't get very far away from his native Concord, Massachusetts — but in his mind and spirit he roamed to the far reaches of the universe. A non-conformist from the word go, Thoreau rejected what he felt to be the too complex life of the small New England town, and went to live in primitive fashion, all by himself, in a rude hut by the shore of Walden Pond, which he made famous in his all-time classic work **Walden,** the Bible of the lover of all times and places.

Thoreau's nudism, and his love of the body beautiful, were a natural outgrowth of his simple, essentially religious way of life. References to nudism are numerous throughout **Walden** and his copious, self-revealing **Journals.** In 1852, he wrote:

Boys are bathing at Hubbard's Bend, playing with a boat (I at the willows). The color of their bodies in the sun at a distance is pleasing, the not often seen flesh-color. I hear the sound of their sport borne over the water. As yet we have not man in nature. What a singular fact for an angel visitant to this earth to carry back in his note-book, that men were forbidden to expose their bodies under the severest penalties! A pale pink, which the sun would soon tan. White men! There are no white men to contrast with the red and the black; they are of such colors as the weaver gives them. I wonder that the dog knows his master when he goes in to bathe and does not stay by his clothes.

And again, in his JOURNAL for the same year:

The weather has been remarkably warm for a week or ten days, the thermometer at ninety-five degrees, more or less; and we have had no rain. You have not thought of cold or of taking cold, night or day, but only how you should be cool enough. Such weather as this the only use of clothing is to cover nakedness and to protect the body from the sun. It is remarkable that, though it would be a great luxury to throw aside all clothing now except one thin robe to keep off the sun, yet throughout the whole community not one is found to do it . . .

The river has here a sandy bottom and is for the most part quite shallow. I made quite an excursion up and down it in the water, a fluvial, a water, walk. It seemed the properest highway for this weather . . .

I wonder if any Roman emperor ever indulged in such luxury as this — of walking up and down a river in torrid weather with only a hat to shade the head. What were the baths of Caracalla to this?

Thoreau, like some similarly-minded young men of today, was extremely touchy about his civil rights. He was opposed to our war with Mexico; he wrote an essay on **Civil Disobedience**, and once went to jail for refusing to pay his poll tax. However, his main interests were philosophical and mystical (he was a Transcendentalist, a friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson) rather than political. He summed up his philosophy **On Love and Chastity** (1852):

The warmth of celestial love does not relax, but nerves and braces its enjoyer. Warm your body by healthful exercise, not by cowering over a stove. Warm your spirit by performing independently noble deeds, not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows who are no better than yourself. A man's social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his only beverage. So he must not hear sweetened and colored words, but pure and refreshing truths. He must daily bathe in truth cold as spring water, not warmed by the sympathy of friends.

We could use a strong dose of Henry David Thoreau's philosophy in our troubled, confused world today!

A young man's personal story, told with candor and feeling, is presented here as a typical and not-so-typical example of an ever increasing trend in our society . .

WHY I BECAME A NUDIST

By Tommy D.

It wasn't easy.

I was an idealistic boy and a somewhat disillusioned young man when I got our of the Army a couple of years ago. But, much to the surprise of some of my friends who know about it and even to myself, I became a nudist. Somethimes we do a thing and know the **how** of it, but seldom the **why**. I believe that I know why I took that first step into nudism, and I'd like to explain it to others who may have fought a similar battle within themselves.

My parents were kind, but strict. Their moral code was almost a carry-over from Victorianism. My mother believed in careful childhood supervision. She kept a list of friends I had, and when we moved to a new place she sought out those friends she wanted me to have. My father was a salesman and so from time to time was assigned different territories. We moved a lot. Therefore, I never really had time to cultivate close, life-long friends, not until I got older and left home.

I wasn't spoiled, nor was my mother fanatical about her ideas, and I never did ask her motives. But she was always careful that I didn't have any unpleasant experiences. This caused me to have an almost sheltered childhood. I went to good schools, but they were always picked out by my mother. They were semi-private for the most part and carried over the discipline of the home. In a way, it was a stifling experience to a young man who had adventure in his heart.

After two years of college (I had been to Military School in high school), I had to get away from this atmosphere, so I enlisted in the Army. As I said, I was an idealist. I thought, and this was due to my bringing up I know now, that life was all sweetness and fairly easy. There was never any worry about money, my father was a good provider. I will never forget my mother's uncontrollable weeping when they saw me off on the train to boot camp. I have a feeling she knew that it was all over. Now I would find out for myself that she had protected me.

The Army was tough, but I needed it. It taught me a self-reliance that I hadn't had before. Military school was nothing like it. I learned to think for myself. It was both a refreshing change and a dismal experience. In school, I had had a normal amount of dates with girls (most of them selected by my mother) and thought I was as sophisticated as the next person, but in the Army I found that I was about as backward as a man my age could be.

I don't mean that sex was part of my Army education. I knew about that, but I mean I was exposed to different attitudes, most of them quite distant from mine. I found a lot of fellows whose sole preoccupation with life seemed to be centered around just this one aspect. This was disillusioning

to me. I had always liked the out of doors. My dad had given me one good solid thing in life — a feeling for nature. He had taught me to hunt and fish. My plans, as far as sex entered into it, was to find a nice girl, marry her and go into the field of animal husbandry.

I pictured a little home in the country and had some vague notion of a dark-haired girl by my side who would enjoy life away from the city. In the Army, I never heard a similar dream from any of the soldiers. Oh, I know a lot of it was braggadoccio, tough talk, impressive, wishful thinking, the rest. But it set me to thinking. Was I wrong? Should I sow the wild oats, too, treat life as one big game, a field problem in self-indulgence?

There were times when it was difficult not to go along with the crowd. I took a lot of ribbing when I stayed in camp with the books or didn't last the round of honkey tonks with my buddies. In one town, too, I had met a girl I liked at the USO. Apparently I impressed her enough so that she invited me to her home one Sunday for dinner. In soldier towns, this is pretty rare. You meet a girl, and she's kind, but that's it. She knows you're probably bound for another place in a short time and doesn't want to get involved. Well, this girl was different. She was fresh of face, had dark hair, laughing blue eyes and was beautiful and sensible besides.

Sunday dinner with her family was relaxed and easy. I got along fine with them. I told them about myself and they seemed interested. I even told Alice, that was the girl's name, about my dreams of a career. She didn't laugh, and in fact, seemed to think it was a fine enough occupation for a man. And, as luck would have it, I had an MOS that worked out for that base. I wasn't transferred, but kept there for my term of service.

As I got to know Alice more, we began to meet less at the USO and more on our own. We went to shows and picnics, bicycle riding, and so forth. I was falling for her and she for me. It was a strange and almost mystical experience. For the first time in my life I was having a relationship on my own. No strings. No reporting in. No strings. I thought. Life wasn't that easy, that creampuffy smooth.

In a moment of confessional intimacy, as we were sitting by a lake, me with my arm around Alice, she with her head on my shoulder, she told me a startling fact. She and her family were nudists! My jaw dropped open and I jumped, almost knocking Alice over backwards. I felt betrayed. What kind of thing had I gotten into? It was wierd and unbelieveable. A nice girl like this, and her folks had seemed okay. Why they were a bunch of wierdos! Cultists!

I, of course, knew nothing about nudism. I had heard about it, and once when I was small had seen a copy of one of their journals blowing dirty in the street. I had picked it up and devoured the naked men and women in it. I knew it wasn't right though, my folks were very careful about nudity at home, so I told no one about my discovery. I hadn't even thought about it until Alice had told me that she was one of those people. Images came up in my mind. Here was a girl I had been just about to ask to marry me, and she was nothing but immoral, why — the thought of her walking around like that. I know my face got red, and I felt the hot flush of embarrassment all over my body.

I couldn't speak and Alice began to cry. "I had hoped you would understand," she sobbed. "Oh, I do, Alice I do," I cried angrily at her. But I didn't and I didn't want to hear anymore. She had destryoed all my idealistic feelings about her. She had snatched herself right away from that picture of her by my side in a little white house in the country. She was just like the boys at camp had said all women were, only worse. She flaunted her nudity before others. Shameless! That's what I called her in my angry flood of hurt talk.

After a moment or two, alice said quitely, "will you give me a chance to explain, Tommy?" She was drying her eyes and I felt sorry for her. I was ashamed too, at my sudden and vicious outburst. I pouted a few moments longer, but agreed to listen before I said goodbye forever. Oh, I was the proud know-it-all!

Gently, Alice began to tell me what nudism meant to her and her family. The way she talked about it put a different light on my own dark thoughts. She told me about such things as false shame, the purity and dignity of the human body, how nudists felt about people and life and sex. She said she wanted what I wanted to, but that there was more to life and living in a shell. She pointed out to me the facts about my own childhood that she knew. She reminded me that I was born naked and asked me pointblank if I was ashmed of my own body.

I spluttered and floundered that afternoon. Every point I brought up she gave back to me in the form of a philosophical question. "But it's so — so unnatural!" I would say. "Then is nature unnatural?" she would ask. Before she was finished, I was feeling ashamed of having been ashamed. I wasn't convinced entirely, things had happened so fast, but I was not so pompous. I agreed to first learn more about it before I passed final judgment. Alice was very understanding. She didn't ask to continue the dating, but only asked me to give my own mind a real test. She invited me to see a nudist camp at first hand. I protested at first, but could see that she deserved at least a full hearing. I agreed, and then, despite myself, began asking her question. How should I behave? Wouldn't it be embarrassing? Alice laughed and told me to find out for myself.

I was in a daze all that week. I couldn't unravel all those things we had talked about in my mind. My thoughts were entagled with right, wrong, sin, sex. I was rattled and mixed up. I was also scared out of my wits about the coming ordeal at the nudist camp. How could I face her folks, and her, Alice like a naked jaybird?

Well, I couldn't. In a hoarse, muffled voice I called Alice that weekend and told her I was sick and couldn't make it. She laughed and said okay, Tommy. Call me when you're feeling better. I was puzzled. She wasn't even disappointed. This didn't sound like she was eager to corrupt me or worse, morbidly interested in seeing me in the nude. I was a nervous wreck the next week. By Friday I was half crazy. I couldn't stand the suspense anymore. I had to go to that nudist park, if for no other reason than to get some peace from my tormented thoughts!

It was just as she said. I felt awkward at first, but I noticed (very shrewdly) that no one noticed me. No one was interested particulary in me, unless Alice introduced me. No one was staring. I thought Alice and her folks looked natural. I thought Alice looked natural and more beautiful than ever. In the sun, her face was radiant. I met other young men there, my own age, and felt comfortable. Comfortable? I felt at home. All the stifled years of childhood dropped away in the sun light.

I knew a contentment that I had never experienced before. We swam, played volleyball, sat and talked. It was easy and it was natural — the most natural thing in the world! How could I have ever been ashamed of my own body? My eyes were opened at last, and I was grateful. Then, too, I learned that I became a nudist after that experience, because I believed in light, not darkness, knowledge, not ignorance, dignity not shame.

That was the beginning, and I'm a nudist now, all the way. I have gained a grace that I didn't have before. The other dream came true, as well. There in that house in the country, and a dark-haired girl by my side. We both have deep natural tans — all over — and we are thinking about raising a family. I wish my parents were still alive to see it. They passed away shortly after Alice and I got married. I have the feeling they would have approved of everything.

THE MALE NUDE IN SCULPTURE

Man continually strives to know himself. He first began this process by recording himself in three dimensions. He portrayed himself as he was then, is now, and ever shall be — naked. His sculptures are the records of his exterior self and their execution the recordings of his interior being. It is significant that many portrayed himself as he began, nude.

Far from the earliest historical tangibilities, we see man as seen through his own eyes. Not so much as a loin cloth appeared in the crude drawings and paintings on ancient cave walls nor on the figures engaged in the crucial actions of daily survival, hunting, cooking, eating, and procreating. From ideograms and carvings we see that man was a social animal, involved in group activities, communicating with his brethren. We see groups of figures, men dragging a large animal, men and women talking, sitting, eating together. They are all nude. All participating in social projects.

As time goes on, clothing is added in these early records, clothing of three types, protective, ornamental, and ceremonial. We see man's attitude toward nudity shifting gradually as his emotional and environmental maturation progresses. His ideas are evidenced in his writings, his paintings, his music and in his sculpture. The subject of sculpture is what interests us most here.

It is difficult to imagine an artist learning to paint, or a sculptor learning to fill space without knowing what a human body looks like. Teaching a medical student anatomy today with a clothed dummy, as an example, is unthinkable. Imagine locating the marvelous organ of the heart just under the left lapel or the third button down from the collar button! We have come a ways, but sculpture was man's first close scrutiny of himself and because of the perishability of human flesh, it may well be his last!

The technical beginnings of sculpture were based on the earliest of human endeavors, when prehistoric man first chipped an arrowhead, carved a bowl or shaped a crude spoon. Our first clues to the understanding of early cultures were based on our studies of their sculpture and pottery. Primarily, this is because of the relative permanence of stone, baked clay, and metals. These artifacts are among our earliest prehistoric records, in fact. The absence of the written word has clouded the knowledge of our origins, but sculpture has thrown meaningful light on our evolution. Sculpture was man's word, his history, and his law.

When papyrus was discovered, then vellum and paper, these were the soundings of the death knell of sculpture. These first writings on these materials served to relegate sculpture's supremacy to a lesser position, especially in Western culture. As literacy progressed, as man began writing his tenets for living, sculpture lost its popularity. Yet, even as man clothed his body, as we see through the later drawings on buildings and tablets, his concern with his previous nudity continued, filtered through it was by acquired traits. There was a progression from the flat, representational cave-drawings, toward the full-diminsional realistic portrayal of the nude.

It is only necessary to take a brief glance at sculptures down through the ages to understand its ebb and flow of popularity. From embodying the gods and heros of Greece Rome in ancient and renaissance art, it went into the entire dramatis personae of Holy writ in medieval Europe. It began to give way, during the renaissance, and in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, it finally disintegrated into portrait busts of nauseous repitition, and rendition, flowing into mountainous blobs of insipid garden statuary. It is not surprising then, that it was only Greece and Rome that produced a Michelangelo, and consummate works of art such as the Winged Victory, Venus de Milo, and other notable works during that period.

Along the way, fortunately, there was a Bernini and Houdon who were able to produce great works of art. In the nineteenth century, we had a Barye, a Carpeaus and a Rude, who illumined the art of sculpture a great deal in a revitalizing attempt. But these were solitary exceptions. The man working on canvas were the dynamos of art, almost literally inundating the art of sculpture. These painters were to dominate the art scene until this century, when sculpture began to make itself felt once more.

There are significant factors that have contributed to the reappearance of sculpture during this century. The painter who works with oils, guache, water color, tempura, etc., has become less dependent on the written word for his inspiration and content. There was a time when the artist relied on biblical and historical texts to provided the framework for his endeavors. This extended in the last century, when almost all of the great artists were interpreting the avant-garde poets on their canvases. Not only the painters, but the sculptors and the composers relied upon the poet. Witness the strong bond between Stephane Mallarme' and Claude DeBussy. It is difficult to read Mallarme's poem, **L'Apres Midi d'un Faun,** without hearing DeBussy's prelude at the same time.

As the last horizons of art have extended to include the entire world, the artistic dependence on classical and renaissance traditions to the horrifying exclusion of all others, has been broken. And lastly, a great many of our important painters have returned to sculpture, and significantly, the point of departure is concentration on the nude male and female figure.

Nudists fall in the category of these searchers after beauty who looked to the human body for inspiration. Nudists may not always think of themselves as explorers, but they are. Just as painting returned to plastic first principles, particulary due to the inspiration of modern discoveries in the physical and biological sciences, the nudist has always been concerned with such first principles: i.e., the dignity of the human body. What no one seems to have realized often enough, is that nudists may hold the key (nudism) to unlock the Eden gate of man's destiny that began millions of years in the past.

The struggle of the sculpture to interpret space, fill it with life, is an interent quality of man since the Fall. It has only been during the past fifty years that we have been able to search for elementals, not only in art, but in science. Young Michelangelo had to steal into a crypt to explore beyond the flesh with his fingers the vital organs of man. In feeling the internal organs in the darkness, he was able to work with marble, to show the innards from the outside so well that anatomists today still shake their heads at viewing his sculptured figures. This sense of exploration, of having to know what is behind the "appearance" makes for the artist, the explorer, and the nudists as well.

It is necessary to focus our attention on the painter along with the sculptor we are examining. For it's surprising to note that among the painters who have made significant contributions to twentieth century sculpture are Matisse, Picasso, Modigliani, Renoir, Braque and Degas (the later, we admit, had his original wax sculptures executed in bronze posthumorsly). All of these painters, with the exception of Modigliani, worked mostly in wax or plaster. Of course Picasso is excepted too, for he has made carvings and constructions in wood and has combined **objets trouves** with plaster (collage-like). But Picasso is an artist whose whims are like the weather; completely unpredictable. I am reminded of a story concerning Picasso. "Since you can draw so beautifully, why do you spend your time making those queer things?" someone asked the artist. "That's the reason," he replied.

These painters who worked in soft materials had a reason for their choices. They were not sculptors, but they were concerned with the nude, with the most complete interpretation of a figure within their power to present it. The painter, working in tractable pigments, found sculpting with wax and clay a more facile way to find the "model" then to work with laborious mallet and chisel. In a sense, they were sculpting, but without the same "feel."

A painter may attempt to transcend this restriction — as in the Futurists, the Surrealists, notably Dali, who attempt to achieve the dimension of sculpture through complex arrangements of lines, light, shadow and form. The artists mentioned, working with the nude as they were, while exploring their dimensions as artists, found that making sculptures of their ideas as faster and cheaper than sitting with a model who had the human traits of tiredness and boredom. They also found that they learned more about the human figure than they needed for flat representation, but that the canvas took on life. For in molding the nude in its entirety, they could achieve a balance with their pigments that was gained only through what the miniature model, scaled to life under their hands, was capable of attaining.

In looking at some of the paintings these artists created, it is evident that whatever beauty voices itself from their canvases, there was an intimate knowledge of life, of the human body, involved in the creation of the work. Always, the sculptor, as the artist, the painter, is intimate with reality and with emptiness. Where there is sham, he carves a truth, where there are ornaments, he reveals the nakedness of reality. He goes for the nude in all things, and beyond that, into the very lungs of the pulsing corpus of mankind. When you look at Michelangelo's "David" you can feel the very breathing of both the artist and the subject with the marble, and in a sense, experience all the triumpth of life, even in such antiquity.

FIFTEEN MALE NUDISTS AT HOME

200-FOOT
8mm FILM

SPIRAL BOUND BOOK
56 PICTURES

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, FIFTEEN MALE NUDISTS enjoying the privacy of their own backyard and swimming pool — the long trip to a nudist camp need no longer be a deterrent to abandoning yourself to nature . . .

See how fifteen guys have fun being nudists at home — swimming, playing, posing for the book Fifteen Male Nudists at Home, doing Greek dances, etc. Once you've seen this film, you too, will want to experience this wonderful, health giving freedom that only nudism affords.

BOOK $15

FILM
$20

Another 56-Picture Spiral Bound Book from Wyngate & Bevins, publishers of Nine Male Nudists.

We feel Fifteen Male Nudists at Home is the book best qualified to convey the spirit of nudism.

To purchase this book and not become a confirmed nudist will certainly be the exception to the rule, for once you've seen their glorious photos, it will be exceedingly difficult to remain inhibited by clothing.

WYNGATE & BEVINS
1350 N. Highland
Hollywood, California 90028

Enclosed $_____ Cash___ Check___ Money Order___ — No C.O.D.'s

FULL PAYMENT FOR FOLLOWING ITEMS . . .

ADULTS ONLY

BOOK — FIFTEEN MALE NUDISTS AT HOME	$15 ☐	$_____
FILM — FIFTEEN MALE NUDISTS AT HOME	$20 ☐	$_____
BONUS OFFER — BOTH BOOK AND FILM	$30 ☐	$_____
TOTAL		$_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

The one feature that most of the great tentieth-century painter-sculptors have in common is a considerable and dynamic preoccupation with the nude human figure. Such and artist as Matisse, whom some say is the greatest painter-sculptor of our time, said, in his **Notes of a Painter:** "What interests me most is neither still life nor landscape but the human figure. It is through it that I best succeed in expressing the nearly religious feeling that I have towards life."

Brancusi throws some light on our subject here, when he says: "Simplicity is not an end in art, but one reaches simplicity in spite of oneself by approaching the real meaning of things." Is not this a credo implied through nudism as well? The real meaning of things. This is what life is concerned about is it not? The sculptor in his search for meaning maintains that he might freeze a representation of all human life within a limited portion of space.

What is sculpture, then? The eminent critic Henri Laurens gives the best definition we know. "Essentially sculpture means taking possession of a space, the construction of an object by means of hollows and volumes, fullnesses and voids, their alternations, their contrasts, their constant and reciprocal tension, and in final form, their equilibrim." This definition might also be applied to man's struggle for position in the universe, the nudist's struggle for acceptance in a society that has forgotten its basic nudity.

Sculpture is one of the natural allies of nudism today. The contemporary sculptor, Richard Lippold, in speaking of his art, said, "We can hope — even prove — that our wisdom is stronger than our weapons . . . the firmer the tensions within (the work) . . . are established, the more placid is the effect. Patience and love are the elements which gave it life . . . " While Lippold may be talking about a certain execution (and he is: his own Variation No. 7: Full Moon, a nickle-chromium wire, stainless steel wire and brass rod work, 10 feet high), he speaks for all sculpture and as might be conjectured, his construction is a skeletal, a nude, a basic return to elementals, involving both mind and naked body.

There are signs that sculpture (and with it the public acceptance of nudity) is returning to prominence in the art world. A noted sculptor, Theodore J. Roszak, says: "It is altogether possible that society may be on the threshold of a great transformation — and while its external circumstances may remain relatively unchanged, I believe, we will witness vast shifts in emotional and moral outlook." The Kienholz exhibit in Los Angeles at the present writing is an indication that Roszak might be correct. It is certainly hoped so by this writer, anyway.

The nudist of today might hope also that a shift in the moral and emotional outlook occurs in our society. There are evidences that this shift is even now in process. The nudist must be comforted in noticing the increased activities at his own park, where art festivals, totally nudist perpetrated, are being conducted with increasing regularity, and that, as the painters who returned to sculpture did, some of these artists are producing a fine and living art, fully as historically important as any sculptor's. By rewritten Matisse and Picasso's obligation to Rodin; Cezanne's to Michelangelo, Houdon, and others lesser known; Gauguin's to the folk carvings of Brittany and Oceania; the expressionists and the cubists to African sculpture, and so on. The nudists has an advantage. He has the benefit of knowledge from eons of culture, access to the swollen library of historic art, plus his own pathfinding instinct. All these should stand him in good stead and cause his movement to grow along with his own realization of ideals.

As a far greater benefit, the nudist of today, like the sculptor, the artist, the composer, the poet, the entire artistic community, shares an appreciation of the beauty of the human body. There is a clean and elemental truth about nudism and sculpture that not only permanently occupies a beautiful portion of space, but ever-constantly speaks out, aesthetically insistent, for that space and that truth. And, just as the sculptor may attain supremacy during this half of the century, so may the nudist.

Nudity is as old as man looking at himself in an unruffled river. His art springs from the turbulence he sees in his reflection along with the calm. When he first saw himself and fashioned his own image with clay, he was a very special being kneeling by a river, hurriedly working the mud into an image of himself as man, before it dried in the sun. He was special; a progenitor, a sculptor.

And, he was very very nude . . .

the FILM CORNER

SIX BRAND NEW FILMS MADE WHILE MR. SUN #2 WAS BEING PRODUCED.

EIGHT GUYS... A private rooftop and glorious sun! Put all these ingredients together and you have the four rooftop films.

RT#1 DAVE AND ROY
RT#3 SAM AND NICK

RT#2 CHUCK AND DUAINE
RT#4 RONNIE AND BILL

picnic

... Nine guys on a nudist picnic.

RAMONA

... High spirits on a nudist outing.

WYNGATE & BEVINS
1350 N. HIGHLAND AVE.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF. 90028

THESE FILMS ARE ALL 200 FT. 8MM IN B&W. THEY ARE PRICED $20.00 EACH . . . THREE FOR $50.00
ALL SIX FOR ONLY $80.00

Enclosed $_____ Cash ___ Check ___ Money Order ___ No C.O.D.'s

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____ Zip_____

☐ **RT#1**
☐ **RT#2**
☐ **RT#3**
☐ **RT#4**
☐ **Picnic**
☐ **Ramona**